

COWLEY

The Four
A G E S
O F
E N G L A N D:
O R,
The Iron Age.

WITH OTHER
SELECT POEMS:

Written in the Year 1648.

LECTORI.

*Qui legis ista, tuam reprehendo, si mea laudas
Omnia, stultitiam; si nihil, invidiam.*

Owen Ep. page 1.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. C. for Tho: Dring, and Joh. Leigh, at
their Shops in Fleet-street. 1675.

The Book

A G E

OF

E N G L I S H

AND

The Iron Age

WITH OTHER

SELECT FORMS

Written in the Year 1873

1873

Printed by the Iron Age Press, 1873

London

1873

Printed by the Iron Age Press, 1873

Murhead & Son 52

UM



TO
The truly WORTHY
AND

WORSHIPFUL,

Mr. J. S. of P. Esq.

Honoured Sir,

IT is not the worthiness of the Work, nor Workman, can whisper any confidence of your acceptance of this Trifle; but only the seasonableness and truth of the subject (of which you are more than an eye-witness) gives it boldness to kiss your Hand. This Poem was calculated only for the Meridian of some private friends, not daring to gaze in the face of the World, because it's neer kin to Truth, and therefore to Danger. Nor did the Author desire so to strumpet his Muse, as to prostitute her to the Embraces of every one, being not ambitious of the airy title of a Poet. Neither let it present it self to your eye the less worthy, because now Martyr'd by the Press, though it be become now

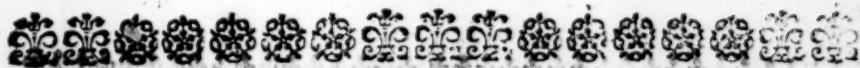
so adulterated with false and scandalous Pam-
phlets, that it is a dishonour for a legitimate
phantasie to derive a title from thence. My
humble request to your Worship is, that you will
vouchsafe to enrich these Lines with your
view, and pardon the forward ambition of him,
whose glory is to be known of you, at the be-
coming distance of

Your Worships most humble

Honourer,

Φίλιππος.

To



TO THE R E A D E R.

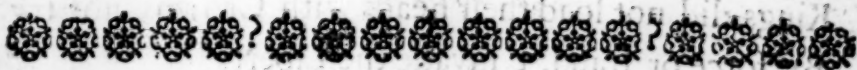
R E A D E R,

WHether courteous or not, 'tis all one to me ;
Thou hast here the moderate Observations of
one , that neither is, nor desires to be ingaged in ei-
ther party of these Wars , till he sees both honest.
Thou hast here the Verdict of a Spectator, who hath
beheld this Military Game, plaid by both Gamesters,
and hath seen pelting on both sides. Thou hast here
Truth, painted in her own Colours, (that is, in none)
and juggling Vice, wheresoever, and in whomsoever
she meets it. Thou hast here the Causes, Effects, and
conjectural Consequences of these unnatural Divisions ;
the Times Looking-glass, wherein (be what thou wilt,
thou shalt see thy Face, and finde something that con-
cerns thee. And (if thou wilt lay aside thy *partiality*)
here thou shalt read thy own self a main cause of this
War. Thou hast here other things, which I will not,
Mountebank-like, set out beforehand ; because I would
have thee take some pains to read what I have took
pains to write : perhaps some pleasure ; (*Olim hoc
meminisse juvabit.*) Only take this lesson in thy hand
before thou read, thou must resolve to un-conceit thy
self, and to be moderate, and yield to Truth : on that
condition I am

Thine : Farewell

The Proeme.

How idle is th' Idolatry of those,
 That on their Fancy can no Theme impose,
 Till they Apollo and his Train invite
 To be propitious unto what they write !
 'Tis but our folly (folly may b' in wit)
 To make a God, and then to Worship it.
 I've often writ, and never yet found odds,
 Whether I writ with, or without those Gods.
 I care not for the Poets Hill, nor Spring ;
 Losers may speak, and empty men may sing.
 Sorrow's my Helicon, if Povertie
 Makes Poets, Troopers Pegasus be.
 Inspire me grief ! let Phoebus and the Nine
 Help am'rous Verse ; they are too soft for mine.
 I mean to weep the Murthers, Rapine, Rage,
 That are synariz'd in this Iron Age.
 For who can sing ? An airy mirth belongs
 To mirthful Theams, these days are not for songs.
 Reader, prepare thy faith ; for I shall tell
 A story (that transcends a Miracle)
 Of Vices, that so great, so many be,
 That they're beyond the reach of Poetrie.
 Behold a populous Nation, pow'rful too ;
 And her own self does her own self undo :
 The Phoenix of the World, which is become,
 (Who was the pride) the scorn of Christendom,
 That stood like Atlas while it stood together,
 But now divided, 's wrested any whither.



The GOLDEN AGE.

CHAP. I.

ONE are those Golden *Halcyon*-days, wherein
Men uncompell'd, for love of good, fled sin :
When men hug'd right & truth; whose souls being clear,
Baffled the threats of punishment or fear.
No Laws, no Penalties; but there did rest
A Court of Equity in each mans brest:
No trembling Pris'ner to the Bar did come,
From his severer Judge t'expect his Doom:
No need of Judge or Executioners,
To keep by Law that which by Right was theirs.
The *Pine* not then his Mother-Mountains leaves,
To dance *Lavalto's* on th' unconstant waves.
Walls cloath'd not Towns, nor did mens safety stand
In moving Forts by Sea, or fixt by Land.
They understood not Guns, nor Spears, nor Swords,
Nor Cause, nor Plunder, and such Martial words :
No Armed Souldier stood for their defence;
Their chiefest Armour was their Innocence.
Mans quiet Nature did not feel that fire,
Which since inflames the World, too great desire.

B

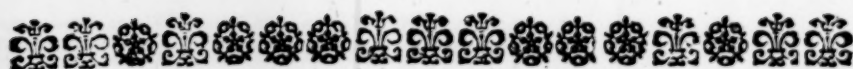
Kings

Kings did not load their heads with Crowns, nor try
 By force or fraud, t' invade the Liberty
 Of their Obedient Subjects; nor did they
 Strive with Anointed Sovereigns for Sway:
 But Prince and People mutually agree
 In an Indissoluble Sympathy.

Religion flourish'd, and the Laws increase,
 Both twin'd in one, the *Gemini* of Peace.
 An Universal Concord tuned then
 Th' unjarring thoughts of many-minded men
 In an unblemish'd harmony. Then Right
 Spurn'd the proud thoughts of domineering Might;
 And Lawrell'd Equity in Triumph fate,
 Upheld by Vertue, which stood Candidate,
 And curb'd the Power and Craft of Vice; maintain'd
 By the instinct which in mens Nature reign'd,
 Th' unspotted soul could not attainted be
 With Treason 'gainst the Highest Majesty;
 Vice was a stranger to't, nor could it bide
 To club with Avarice, or converse with Pride.
 Nor was it plung'd i'th' whirl-pool of those crimes
 That have intrall'd now these degenerate times.
 Th' imprison'd Will then, durst not whisper Treason,
 But cring'd to th' Dictates of its Rectress, Reason.
 Friend was the soul of Friend, and ev'ry man
 Fed like a Stream, the whole, its Ocean.

CHAP. II.

THe pregnant Earth untill'd did yield encrease,
 And men enjoy'd what they possess'd in peace.
 The Winter plunder'd not the leaves from Trees,
 Nor flurfd the ground with hoary Leprosies.
 No scorching Summer, with Canicular heat,
 Parboil'd their Bodies in immoderate sweat :
 Whatever Autumn pluck'd, the Spring did bring,
 An endless Harvest wed an endless Spring.
 The quarter'd Year mixt in a bunch did come,
 And clung it self t'an *individuum*.
 Then floods of Milk, then floods of Nectar, flow'd,
 And on the fertile Earth all plenty grow'd.
 Th'enamell'd Fields with Tapestry were crown'd,
 And floating Honey surfeited the ground.
 Of purest Blessings men enjoy'd their fill,
 And had all good, 'cause they did nothing ill.



The Silver Age.

CHAP. I.

MAns nature not content with this, did range
 To further things; Fancy is prone to change.
 Then domineering Will began to stir,
 And scorn'd that Reason should rule over her.
 Active Ambition would not be content
 To keep its self within its Continent;
 But being unsatiable, doth aspire;
 Like Oyl, enjoyment makes the flame blaze higher:
 And Appetite, the servant to each Sence,
 Would not obey, but have preheminance.

CHAP. II.

ARts were invented, studi'd; men began
 To instruct the ground, to plough the Ocean.
 The year's quadrangled; people did begin
 To erect them houses to inhabite in:
 Coffin'd their limbs in cloaths, (cloaths first were meant
 But for necessity, not Ornament:

But

But pride, the Childe of plenty, made them grow
From warmth to comely, thence t'a gawdy show.)
Then such magnificence in them begun,
That glittering vestures seem'd to stain the Sun.
Houses to *Babels* swell'd, and were baptiz'd
With their own Founders Names; and men devis'd
All ways to write their Names, that they might be
Read in the Rolls of vast Eternitie.

Turrets on tiptoe stood, to kiss the Skies,
And Marble-Pillars to the Spheres did rise.
Towers did periwig their Heads in Clouds,
As if those were their bases, these their shrouds.
Men deckt their Walls, and drest their spacious Rooms
With costly excrements of Persian Looms:
And guiltless *Aras* was condemn'd to be
Hang'd for no crime, but its Imagerie.

CHAP. III.

S Hips crost the angry Seas, with Billows hurl'd,
And in their race begirt the spacious World,
Rifling it of its Treasures, to delight
With rarities, the craving Appetite.
The ranfack'd *Indies* brought in weekly rates
To feast their curious taste with delicates.

The burden'd fields brought in centuple crops,
 Dischannelling themselves into their laps;
 Yet having stript the Earth of what she wore,
 They not content with this, dive still for more:
 And the embowell'd Earth is brought to bed
 Of treasures, which within her Nature hid.
 Musick, the soul of pleasure, still prepares
 To breath delicious Accents in their Ears:
Arabia contributed her Gums,
 And wanton *Zephire* from all Gardens comes
 With odorifrous smells, which did so vary,
 The Phoenix soil did seem ubiquitary.
 And in all these, the touch and sight did meet;
 For what was blis to touch, 'twas blis to see't.

CHAP. IV.

THen with what pomp they feasted, with what state
 Each severall course wallowed in antick Plate:
 Dish follow'd Dish, and course succeeded course;
 Still Chimneys took Tobacco by the force
 Of a continu'd fire, which was heapt on
 For a new meal, ere t'other scarce was done.
 All outward blessings were in one conjoyn'd,
 That might delight or satisfie the minde.

Each

The Silver Age.

7

Each place was Plenties Magazine, to fill
Their hearts; yet they had a *plus ultra* still.
Men bath'd in plenty, and in pleasure rol'd,
Then they found out that strife-begetting Gold.

Now men stretch their estates wide, that they might
Like their desires, be boundless, infinite,
Wide as the Horizon; the careering Sun
Scarce in a day their limits could out-run.
Big-bell'd chests uncatechised lay,
Waiting a general accounting day;
Un-Eunuch't purses precious stones did wear;
Nor did they then the gelding Troopers fear:
Yet having all these riches, they were poor,
'Cause, having much, they still desired more.
Dropst'd desire did teach men to be vile,
From hence did flow the seven-headed Nile
Of deadly sin. This gave sinister birth
To Injury; but Justice on the Earth
Had yet some being; Laws enacted were;
Men must do right, though not for love, for fear.
Just equity fetter'd the hands of might,
With both hands arm'd, and yet both hands were right.
Then vicious mindes were bridled by the Law,
And Judgements kept disorder'd men in awe.
Times trod on th' heels of times; but as they grew,
The old were still out-stript in Vice by new.



The Brazen Age.

CHAP. I.

Then men so vile did grow, so prone to sin,
 The bonds of Law no more could keep them in;
 They striv'd t'imbarque themselves for Hell; then shame
 And modesty were banish'd, and the Name
 Of Faith and Truth grew odious; in whose room,
 Fraud, Couz'nage, Force and Treachery did come,
 Boldly out-staring vertue; and that vice
 Of Sword, Plague, Famine, spawning Avarice,
 Teeming with Legions of sins; with these
 Men did commit Adultery, to encrease
 Their Progeny, and thus at length did raise
 As many new-born sins i'th' year, as daies.

So pride and avarice became the twins
 Of general mischiefs, Colonels of sins.
 Ease taught men sloth, sloth usher'd in excess,
 Excess nurs'd pride; pride, lust; lust, wantonness;
 That, rapes; rapes, incest; incest, Sodomy;
 This brings unnat'ral bestiality.

And thus our sacred bodies, that should be
 Gods Holy Temples, built of puritie,

Are

Are now prophan'd by sacrilegious sin,
And become dens for thieves t'inhabit in;
Yea Garrisons of Rebels: and by these,
Men so abus'd that Crown of blessings, Peace,
That it was so corrupt, so full of sin,
It must be lanc'd; thus did our woe begin.

CH A P. II.

THe Angels of the Church did soar so high,
Like *Lucifer*, they lost their Hierarchy;
They first from grace, and then from Glory fall;
Some turning Devils, brought disgrace on all
To all new fashions they their zeal translate,
And Disciplin'd the Church by rules of State.
Hetrodox Tenents did the Truth invade,
And mens inventions grounds of Faith were made.
One Ceremony did another send,
Nor did Will-worship know a bound or end.
Their Canons were as various as the Winds,
Nay (which is more) unconstant as their mindes.
Choak'd with their great Revenues, they become
(Who, being empty, sounded well) quite dumb.
Nay they did hold it an extreme disgrace
To execute the office of their place.

Well

Well said a fool, Who does a Bishop fear,
 May fly t'a Pulpit, for he'll not come there.
 Like Weathercocks, on Churches tops they stood,
 To over-see them, not to do them good:
 Yet being Lords, they fain would higher be,
 And guild their Lordships with a Deitie.

CHAP. III.

ANd the cram'd Clergie, t'imitate their Masters
 In pride and sloth, grew most Episcopasters.
 The Pulpit rusted, some had got a trick
 (As if their Sermons had been Lunatick)
 To Preach by th' Moon, some but at Quarter-day;
 And then their Texts were Summons to their Pay.
 Some were so costive, they requir'd a year;
 Like Elephants, some ten; then one might hear
 (To the amazement o'th' expecting house)
 The groaning Hill deliver'd of a Mouse.
 Dumb Dogs, that wallow'd in excessive store,
 While those poor souls that all the burthen bore,
 Could hardly get by their continu'd pain,
 A stipend that might them and theirs maintain.
 And though one serve a Cure, nay two, or three,
 He must a Scriv'ner and Schoolmaster be:

Yet

Yet all these Trades will scarce so much allow,
As a good Hinde may get, that goes to Plough.
Instead of this, they studi'd Law, and read,
Not what God says, but what the Judges said.
Their care of Bodies choak'd their care of Souls ;
They more frequented *Westminster* than *Pauls* :
They pray'd i'th' Temple often, but it was,
That their fee'd Lawyer would maintain their Cause.
Others, to Pleasure, Pride and Ease inclin'd,
Studi'd to pamper their luxurious minde
With Wine and Banquets ; but in most of all,
The *Golden Number* was *Dominical* ;
So that it was become a common speech,
The way to spoil a Priest's to make him Rich.
If one Preacht well, he was in life so evil,
A Saint in Pulpit, out of it a Devil.
Their Lives confute their Doctrines ; for they strove
Which most should act the sins they did reprove ;
That one might think, that whatsoere they say,
Were to be done the clean contrary way.

CHAP. IV.

ANd the vain people, always prone to ill,
Follow not Precept, but Example still :

For

For they disgrac'd themselves by what they do,
 And taught the people to disgrace them too.
 Thus that soul-saving Function 'gan to be
 A publick scandal, and an obloquie,
 By the base vulgar, who were glad, for this,
 To blaze their Spiritual Father's nakedness.
 The Office so abus'd, men scorn'd to do it,
 Unless bare need, or gain did force them to it.
 And men unfit, unuseful for the State,
 Yet were accounted good enough for that.
 And why? the sordid Gentry, in whose hands
 They'd got the Church-revenues, and her Lands,
 Turn'd Publicans, and stood at Churches door;
 None must come in, but who paid well therefore.
 These were Church-merchants, and by them did gain,
 As those by wares, though they dealt not so plain.
 He that would buy a Horse, or take to's Bride
 A Daughter, got a Benefice beside.
 If Sacriledge to steal from Churches be,
 What's he that steals a Church, nay two or three?
 Well did a Herauld their base nature note,
 That gave a Wolfs head to them for a Coat,
 Swallowing a Church, the steeple stuck in's throat.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

TY'd to the tail of *Levi*, was the Tribe
Of *Many-Asses* : some that won't subscribe
To God, nor King, nor State, nor Law ; but still
Do vow Allegiance only to their Will :
That to be cross to theirs, did bend their course
Into a contrary extreme, far worse.
Men of vertiginous brains, still running round,
That Cymbal-like, from emptiness do sound ;
That abhor Learning, and don't hold it fit
For Christians to pollute their brains with it.
They say 'tis vain for Holy men to seek
For language of the Beast, or Heathen-Greek.
Unbenefic'd and poor, that have no way
To get a stipend, but to preach and pray
'Gainst Church and State ; and 'cause they cannot be
Famous for Learning or Divinity,
Yet they'll do something to inrole their Name
In the large Catalogue of blab-tongu'd Fame ;
And though their Doctrine be nor sound, nor true,
They'll have't approv'd, because 'tis strange and new.
There were some upstart *Levites*, hot and young,
Active and proud, whose interdicted tongue

Impri-

Imprison'd in the Dungeon of his mouth,
 For Sacrilege is now broke forth, and grow'th
 More violent ; or such, whose Ears of late,
 Have both been circumcised by the State :
 Whose sufferings spread their fame from far and near ;
 The giddy people flock in shoals to hear
 These zealous Saints, those pious Martyrs prate,
 With their impoyson'd tongues 'gainst Church & State;
 Who in their Preachments tell them, Such as we
 (Beloved) suffer for our purity ;
 Because we will not follow Popish lies,
 We fall by th' ears with profane Pillories.
 'Tis for our good, who ope our Ears to take
 The pious Whispers which the Nails do make.
 Peripatetick Teachers, Journy-men,
 That trot t' *America*, and back again,
 To get a Profelyte, these dare make Kings
 The subjects of their talk, and handle things
 Direct 'gainst Form or Order, as each lists.
 Their Texts and Doctrines, both like Sepratists,
 Run from each other ; and their Uses loath
 Their company, 'cause holier than both.
 And having nam'd a Text, like Cowards, they
 Straight from the unarm'd words on't run away ;
 And thus excuse it, that it is a breach
 Of Christian freedom to be ty'd to preach

Upon one place : they make their Doctrines run
From *Genesis* to th'*Revelation*,
And handle all alike ; a wilde-goose chace
They run through Countries a Curranto pace.
They straight divide a Text in parts ; but then
They do not bring them to be friends agen,
But fall to flat Adultry with the sense,
Begetting spurious broods of Uses thence ;
That such unnat'ral Children thence do spring,
They dare make head against the Text, their King.
These are State-barrettors, and set by th'ears
The Prince and People, Commons and the Peers.
These kindle first, and still foment the rude
Seditions of the cock-brain'd multitude ;
Who, like themselves, are Planet-struck, and vary,
Prograde, and Retrograde, ne're stationary.
Their Heads, like Bowls, run round, unsteer'd by Reason ;
Their Bias Faction, and their Jack is Treason.
These ever rail at, and are discontent
At States and Churches present Government.
And why ? not for defects do they withstand it,
Because 'tis bad, but 'cause the Laws command it.
Eve is their Mother ; they think no fruits be
So sweet, as those on the forbidden Tree.
Some do not hate it, nor finde fault therein,
But 'cause they've been neglected, and not bin
Employ'd

Employ'd with Hierarchy, since they suppose
Themselves more fit for Government, than those
That are instal'd; which, 'cause they cannot reach,
(Like Dogs at th'Moon) they bark at, and still teach
The peoples reeling fancie to despise
Church-orders, and embrace what they devise.
Which always various and changeable be,
For nought more pleases than variety.
These men are nine days old, and do begin
To look abroad upon anothers sin.
To other men they are as *Argos*-ey'd
As Heav'n in spangled nights, when *Sol* does hide
In the Antipodes, and Stars begin
To execute his Office: to their sin
They are as blinde as *Moles*, which lest they might
Behold, they draw the curtain of their sight.
By the foul hands of these, dirt still is thrown
On others faces, yet ne're wash their own.
For he will soon't espie the Mote that's blown
In's Brothers eye, who hath a Beam in's own.
These and the Romulists; although they bend
Their heads contrary, meet at last, and tend
Both to burn down Religion, which doth stand
Like Christ o'th' Cross, with Thieves on either hand.
Extremes, both in a Circle set their feet,
And though contrary go, at last must meet.

CHAP. VI.

THe many-empty-headed multitude,
Once mov'd, like Hornets, eagerly intrude
On all employments, and run forward still,
Like Swine, steer'd only by their headlong will.

The zealous Cobler pricks his Leather-ears,
And in the Tub (his Pulpit) he declares,
No Priest, no Doctrine can Religious be,
That smells of either Univerſities,
So Ignorance, the Mother of each doubt,
Leads Faction in, and turns Obedience out.

While he translates, and edifies the Soul,
The two-ear'd Hatter does the Crown controul;
He *Peter* scorps, himself will be a Rock,
And sets mens heads upon a rounder Block.
He with inspired fury doth declare
There's no salvation unto those, whose Hair
Transcend their Teeth in longitude; his shears
Have raz'd the Locks that did besiege his Ears;
And lets his rampant Ears grow up alone,
The two supporters of his globous Crown,
So each Profession, from head to heel,
Sets forth lay-Levites; and the old ones feel

C

Their

Their just deservings, suffering their due;
 They displac'd old, and are displac'd by new:
 And all these simples make one Mithridate
 To be a poison both to Church and State.
 New Lords, create new Laws; one brings a branch
 From *Amsterdam*, some to *New England* lanch;
 To *Scotland*, *Rome*, *Judea*, *Turkie*, some;
 Some to *Geneva*; back again they come
 Fraught with Religions new, of each a feather,
 All in a *Chaos* bundled up together;
 which makes our Church all particolour'd show,
 Like *Joseph's* coat, or *Isop's* theevish Crow,
 A Pantheon of Religions.
 Mean time our guiltless Prayers, which have stood
 Writ in the Characters of *Martyrs* blood,
 The grace of Christian Churches, the delight
 Of God and godly men, are rom'd quite
 Out of the Church's extemporary stuff;
 Which though three hours, yet are not long enough
 To reach to heav'n; And though their non-sense dare
 Gore at the Clouds, yet never shall come there.
 By these extremes Religion's from us flown,
 And our one Church grows many; therefore none.

CHAP. VII.

BUt Church and State being Twins, and none can hit
 The one, but straight the other falls with it;
 The Court, that should a Sanctuary be
 To Vertue, and the Bourſe of Pietie,
 The throne of Juſtice, and excel in right,
 As't did in State, in dignity and might,
 Became th' *Aſylum* of Ambition,
 Envy and fraud; where Vice doth tread upon
 O'reſwayed Vertue, and doth ſeem to be
 Vertue it ſelf vail'd o're by Policie.
 Injurious perſons of all ſorts reſort,
 As to the horns o'th' Altar, to the Court.

CHAP. VIII.

THe Laws themſelves grew lawleſs, and the Tribes
 O'th' Gown entail'd their conſciences for bribes:
 Like Cobwebs; Laws the leſſer flies entrap,
 But great ones might break thorow, and eſcape:
 They were no more defence, but grew to be
 A legal violence, licenc'd injurie.

Courts were call'd Courts of Justice ; but it is
Because there's none there, by Antiphrasis.

The ambidextrous Judges brib'd, rebrib'd,
And lesser gifts to greater still subscrib'd.

Queen-money made, and un-made all Decrees,
And Justice grew adulterate for Fees.

It had a balance , but so falsifi'd,
That it inclin'd still to the weightiest side.

If bribes did plead, they must needs grant the Sute :
For gifts have pow'r to move , although they're mute.
They had got Pearls within their Eyes, that so
They scarce the truth from injury did know.

In stead of Judges, Pride, Oppression, Fraud,
Injustice, Violence , the Bench invade ;
Justice, the junior Judge, fate like a block,
Or puisne Baron, but to tell the Clock.

What ere the Cause be, whether bad or good,
It must be felt, ere heard or understood.

CHAP. IX.

THe under-Foggers , with their dagled Gowns,
Like *Sampson's* Foxes tails, inflame the Towns ;
Make Suits, as Conjurers raise Winds ; and why ?
That they might lay the same, and get thereby.

They

They did intail their Clients, and their Suit,
From Term to Term, and ev'ry Term renew't;
Till the poor Client had no Suit but that,
And starv'd his Purse, to make their Pouches fat.
How slenderly a Cause is spun when 'tis
Bandy'd between *Clotho* and *Lachesis*!
They must anoint their Jaws with bribes, or els
Their venal tongue nor truth nor falshood tells.
Their tongues Angelical, their Consciences
Strung to their Clients Purse, where no pence is;
The Client is discharged of his pain,
Till to his cost, he do recruit again.
They hoise their Fees 'bove Statute, Law, or task,
As if 'twere Law to pay what they did ask;
Whose Cheverl-consciences, stretch'd far and wide,
And they still wore them on the wrongest side.
Yet these Dunce-Desk-men to such wealth did rise,
Their State nobilitates their Families.
Who ere began a Suit, they'd draw them on
To the third and fourth Generation;
As if th'were tenants in Fee-simple to them,
And they had power, by degrees t'undo them.
They can't a Cause for one year calculate;
Like *Erra Pater*, 'twas nere out of date.
So he that hath been wrong'd, and comes to these
For help, 's like one that leaps into the Seas

To 'scape a storm : or like the sheep that goes
 To a bush for shelter from the cold, and lose
 His Wooll ; and so by that is render'd more
 Unable to endure it than before :
 For so much cost and trouble there is in it,
 That the poor Client, when he did begin it,
 (Though he should have the best on't) he were better
 Be overthrown, and would be greater getter.
 What an eternal Term on't will they hold,
 When Causes come wrapt in a showre of Gold !
 There's no Vacation then : like Mastiffs they
 Destroy the Wolfs, because they mean to slay
 Or fleece the flocks themselves. The other twin
 That did run round i'th' Zodiack of sin,

CHAP. X.

WERE spiritual Courtiers; these were more sublim'd
 In their injurious cunning, and they climb'd
 To a diviner stile : what e're they do,
 Though ne're so wrong, was Law and Gospel too.
 Each Proctor at his pleasure could derive
 Thimself the Churches pow'r Legislative,
 Who not appears, or is behinde in Fees,
 The Church must, whensoe're the Sumners please,
 Excom-

Excommunicate, give up to Satan, till
 God gives him Grace to pay his Lawyers Bill,
 Bawdry was bought and sold, and for a Fee,
 Men might have license for their Lecherie.
 If any had offended, th'onely curse
 Was the dear penance of an empty purse,
 And for a yearly custome, an old Bawd
 Might have a Patent to set up the trade.
 Upon the Sabbath they allow'd to play;
 But if one wrought upon a Holy-day,
 Oh! 'twas a crime that nought could expiate,
 But the large bribing of an Advocate!
 He's in a wretched case, each Christian knows,
 That has no better Advocate than those.

CHAP. XI.

THe *Gallenists*, those Factors for our health
 Were so infected with this love of wealth,
 That generally our wounds and all diseases,
 Were slight or mortal, as the Doctor pleases:
 And all our maladies were ever dated
 By th' purses strength, as if th'were calculated
 For all Nativities, what ere they be;
 The Purse is still purg'd by Phlebotomie.

The Poor's incurable, the Rich must have
 An endless Gout in's joynts, that will not leave
 Till all the money from the Purse be done ;
 Then he that could not go before, can run.

Besides those Quacks, that strumpet to each slave,
 For a small price, that smaller art they have ;
 Who without Judge or Jury basely kill
 More than they cure, to exercise their skill.
 Who need no plague but their own ignorance,
 Accompani'd with their Arts masters, wants.

The State-Physitians more perverse than these,
 Cur'd bad diseases with worse remedies,
 For sicknesses do usually fall
 On Bodies politick, like natural.
 These prov'd right Empricks, and without all doubt,
 Wrought the States end to bring their own about.
 For most that seem'd to be the Kingdoms friends,
 Tipt publick Justice still with private ends.
 These made the three Professions of the Gown,
 (That were the grace) the *odium* of the Town,

CHAP. XII.

THe spring being thus corrupt, the streams can be
 Nothing but currents of impuritie ;

From

From this Red Sea of sin a crew there came,
Differing in nought from Locusts, but in name ;
Monopolists, that (Priest-like) had a share
In every trade, but more than Tythes they were.
These did so spawn, they got nine parts at least ;
Th' right owner scarce was to his own a Priest.

Others were Rogues by Patent, and did draw
A power to pole the people from the Law ;
Which they had made a Stalking-horse to be
A legal Warrant for their Villanie.
Thus painful men, by Taxes were, and Rates,
Unjustly cheated of their own Estates.
And this did make the transitory streets
Eccho with poor mens cries, where Rapine meets
With Rapine , Guile with Guile ; and Right became
An airy title, and an empty name.
Cities compos'd of several streams that ran
From Hills and Valleys, turn an Ocean ;
Where sins meet sins, like Billows, and do strive
(As they with th' Court) for the Prerogative,
Greedy desire is Mayor, and puff-past Pride
Aspires, as Mayores, to sit by's side.
Treason and Cheating, Sheriffs ; and next, such plenty
Of capital sins, they're more than four and twenty.

CHAP. XIII.

ANd the tame Country in its several climes,
 Practise to ape the Cities baneful crimes.
 Th'incestuous Us'rer with's own Bags doth lie,
 Ingendring Use by damn'd Adultery ;
 Till every hundred doth survive to see
 Himself centupled in his progenie ;
 While that curst *Barathrum* still cries for more,
 Beggars the Rich, and does devour the Poor.
 And though he Learning hates, and every Art
 That's liberal ; yet he could finde in's heart
 To turn Logician, and doth understand
 To do all things with a *Contracted hand*.
 He (like an Afs laden with various meats)
 Bites not at all, or else but Thistles eats.
 He cheats his Back of needful ornament,
 And his poor Belly keeps perpetual Lent :
 And all to cram a Chest, having an itch,
 But while he lives to be accounted Rich :
 Or leave to's Heirs, when he to death inclines,
 (Got lawfully by him or his Assignes)
 An ample patrimony, which the Sot
 Consumes as fast as ere his Father got.

The Tradesman too, whose Weights and Measures were
Lighter than's Wife, and shorter than his Hair,
With his oyl'd Tongue, and dancing Complements,
The Engines of his cheating eloquence,
Gull'd men by whole-sale, though his Wife and he
Both drove a retail trade, and did agree
To ope their shops to all ; whose gain did slide
Quick as 'twas got, by Luxury and Pride.

CHAP. XIV.

DULL Gluttony did reign, and striv'd to kiss
His t'other sister, swinish Drunkenness,
That nursery of sins ; for there's no Vice
So bad, but from this spring it takes its rise.
How many Swine does this make in a year,
If all were Sows that wallow in the mire ?
This Anti-god that uncreates a man,
Turns him t'a beast, or to a lump again :
How does poor Reason split it self, and sink,
When man lies floating in a sea of drink !
And yet they ran so violently to it,
As if they had been onely born to do it.
'Twas manners, if a man his Friend did meet,
With pinte and quart they must each other greet ;

Or

Or if to's neighbours house a friend did come,
 'Twas welcome stil'd to send him drunken home.
 Men thought no shame to glory in this sin,
 Who could drink most, as if their Mouths had been
 Made not to speak, but drink, and Bellies were
 But Barrel-like, the continents of Beer.
 Yet that's small cause to boast, did we but see
 That a weak Hoghead can hold more than wee.
 And yet we see how many a drunken Sot
 Hath drown'd and drunk all's fortunes in a pot;
 Swilling his brutish soul in Beer and Wine,
 While his poor Family at home doth pine;
 And have no food to feed upon but Cares,
 Nor any thing to drink (poor souls) but Tears.
 This is the Gulph that swalloweth a-whole
 The Wealth, the health of body and of soul.

CHAP. XV.

TH'effect of luxurie and ease, is Lust,
 And this sets men on flame, so that it must
 Be vented by base actions: men did do
 'Gainst God's, 'gainst Nations Laws, and Nature's too.
 Great persons rang'd like Goats to flake their flame,
 With all variety; yea, they kept tame

Their

Their Concubines, with costly motives fed;
 Their Handmaids serv'd them both for board and bed;
 By whom they Issue got, and so might be
 Indeed the Fathers of their familie.

The Ladies kept Preambles, men of might,
 That stood them both for service and delight.
 Men 'gainst the Grammar sin'd, and did contest
 The Feminine Gender is the worthiest.
 Young men had hoary hairs, or else had none;
 And when they had been satiate with one,
 They'd ha' fire-new-ones. Nay, the spiritual part
 Of Brethren lov'd the flesh with all their heart.
 But 'cause 'twas grown so common, they would be
 Entwin'd with Sisters, but *extempore*.

CHAP. XVI.

ENvy, that hideous Monster, meagre, fell;
 That Skeleton, is belch't up too from Hell;
 She roots in peoples mindes, and greatly breeds
 The bane of vertuous doers, and their deeds:
 Its own tormentress; both a plague and sin:
 Oh! how it gnaws the bones, where it gets in!
 And yet men were so chain'd to't, that their eyes
 Waxt fore at other mens Prosperities.

Malicious men did their own bodies pine,
 To see their Neighbours plentifully dine;
 And be content, with all their hearts, to lose
 An Eye, to have another want a Nose.

CHAP. XVII.

Honour became a Chattel to be sold
 (To those that ne'r were kin to't) for their Gold:
 Such whose unworthy souls did wear a Stile
 But as a Livery, and did exile
 All noble thoughts out of their breasts; who be,
 While they're alive, grav'd in obscurity:
 Men, like their Grandfires Tombs, titled without,
 And full of rottenness within, or nought:
 The Garbage of the World, compos'd of Mire
 And slime, like Frogs of Nile; if Gold inspire
 Their purse with life, it clarifies their fames;
 Promethean fire was nothing to those flames.
 Fame was but Wealth's *Elixir*; every Clown
 That could get Wealth, might quickly get Renown,
 Though they'd intrench their bodies with such crimes,
 That they might be the scandal of the times,
 And had a dearth of worth, or good; yet when
 They'd paid for't, they must needs be Gentlemen.

Nay

Nay, this Almighty Gold such acts could do,
That Lords, nay Gods, were made by Angels too.

CHAP. XVIII.

But thred-bare Vertue, and lean Honesty,
Were thought unworthy great mens company.

A man of Learning, Wisdom, Breeding, Wit,
And had all parts that did conduce to it;
Yet if his purse were ignorant of pence,
A fig for's Learning or his Eloquence:
But he must cringe and creep to each gilded Sot
Whose Purse is full, although his Head be not.
Thousands *per annum* were the onely glory,
And sweet-fac'd Gold the winning ft Oratory.
These favourites of Fortune, (that is, fools)
Whose ignorance did make them foes to Schools,
And Scholars, nay to all ingenious Arts;
That had a man nere so deserving parts,
And painful in a Calling, two, or three,
All could preserve him scarce from beggarie.

They so dispos'd it, as if't were not fit
One man should have at once both Wealth and Wit.
And yet these Muck-worms cannot be so wise,
To see how Fortune does Entrapelize,

And

And give them Wealth to plague them. Good men hold
They're fetter'd slaves, although those fetters gold.

CHAP. XIX.

HOW many Slow-worms had we in our Land,
Twixt whom & beasts no difference could stand!
That having Wealth, liv'd here, and spent their own;
And having suckt out that (Leech-like) are gone.
Whose life (if 'twere a life) cannot be found
Guilty of one good act, that might redound
Unto their Kindreds, Friends, or Countries good,
But e'en like Belly-slaves, provide for food:
Whose mindes were not emblazon'd with those gifts
That man above a brutish Creature lifts:
They wear no souls within, or if they do,
They count them burthens, nay and troubles too:
Their bodies do like *Sodomes* Apples stand,
And they but Pleonasmes of our Land.
Luxurious Wantonness did still prevent
Their natural desire of nourishment:
They us'd Provocatives to Eat, Drink, Sleep;
From Hunger, Thirst, and Cold themselves to keep.
The Cankers and the Bellies of the State,
Whose limbs stand useless, as if out of date;

And

And

And when they die, this onely may be said,
Here lies one that was born, that liv'd, and's dead,
By whom Death lost his labour; he's no more
But a dead lump, and so he was before.

CHAP. XX.

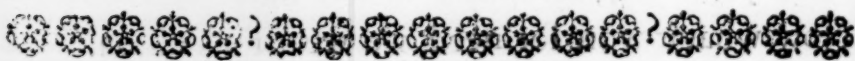
O Ur giddy phansie surfeited with Pride,
In various habit ev'n the French out-vy'd;
So great was our luxurious Wantonness,
'Twas sin the Sun should twice behold one dress.
Fashions had still a *Climax*; clothing went
From warm, to Comely, thence Magnificent.
Our natural Hair, not shed by Venerie,
Was shav'd by Pride; and we our Heads belie
With Womens excrements; which might be known,
(Only because we bought it) 'twas our own.
Lech'ry first taught this evil to our Nation;
Now what it wore for need, we wear for fashion.

Women transform'd to men, men women grew,
We by the shape scarce one from t'other knew;
Such boldness those, these such effeminateness
Possess'd, that both seem'd one *Androgenes*.
Faces bely'd with paint; and *Tork* put there,
Where Nature did at first write *Lancaster*.

D

When

When angry Teeth fell out, and brake their fums,
 By the pollution of their stinking Gums,
 Begot by Sweet-meats, or that trait'rous Sawce,
 The Rebel to good Stomacks wholesome Laws ;
 Women had Regiments of Teeth in pay,
 And drew out several Cent'ries every day,
 To stop the breaches ; that should Poets write
 Their Teeth were Ivory , it may be right.
 Their Heads with massy Ruffs were bulwark'd round,
 And yolk'd in Bands, which scarce a measure found.
 With such impostures, and a thousand more,
 As if we were not Proud, but Pride all o're.
 'This brings new sins, new sins new Plagues draw'on ;
 So Pride's preamble to destruction.
 A Kingdoms bliss is but conditional ;
 When they from Grace, they straight from Glory fall :
 For whatsoever unto Vice doth tend,
 Begins in Sin, and must in Sorrow end.



The Iron Age.

CHAP. I.

THe Cup of trembling, which so oft has bin
 Quaff round about us, is at last stept in,

And

And we must drink the dregs on't : we that be
Sever'd from other Nations by the Sea,
And from our selves divided by our sin,
Need now no Forrain foes, we've foes within.
What need an Enemy the Walls to beat,
When the Defendants sins do ope the Gate?
God, who at first, did man to man unite,
Sets man 'gainst man, in a *Cadmean*-fight.
Limb jars with Limb, and every Member tries
To be above's superiour Arteries.

The Elements and Humours, that before
Made up a compound Body, now no more
Kiss in an even temp'rature, but try
T'unmake themselves, by their Antipathy.
And 'cause divided Kingdoms cannot stand,
Our Land will be the ruine of our Land.

The State's now quite unhing'd ; the Engineers,
That have been ham'ring it these many years,
Now ply it home, striking while th'Iron's hot,
And make our Jars th'ingredients of their Plot.
Which b'ing contriv'd by some, whom Schism and Pride
Had long ago inflam'd, now when they spi'd
The peoples mindes inclining to their Will,
Set on their work, and more and more instill
Sedition, by themselves and Instruments,
To fill the peoples mindes with discontents ;

But privately at first, until, at length,
They had encreas'd their number, pow'r, and strength.

CHAP. II.

Then first a Meteor with a Sword breaks forth
Into this Island, from the boist'rous North;
Darting ill influences on our State;
And though we knew not what they aimed at,
They went to make us Denizons o'th' Tombs,
While they Religiously possess our rooms.
These, from the entrails of a barren soil,
On an imagin'd wrong invade our Isle,
Upon pretence of Liberty, to bring
Slav'ry to us, and Ruine to our King:
Whose yelling Throats b'ing choakt, at last, with that
Which cures all, *Gold*; they aimed at
A private Project, to engage the Rout
Of English-Scots, to bring their ends about,
And spoil the Crown: so what they could not do
By force; by fraud, they slyly work us to.
They came to help us, that themselves might get;
And are dear Brethren, but we pay for it.
Hence, hence our Tears, hence all our sorrow springs:
The curse of Kingdoms, and the bane of Kings.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Then they in publick meet ; and 'cause they knew,
 All their success upon the people grew,
 They feel their Pulses, and their Cures applie,
 Be't good or bad, still to their Phantasie :
 What ere they love to praise, and what they hate,
 In every act to give a jerk at that.
 What ere they would have done, must not b'impos'd
 By Humane Law, but with Religion gloz'd ;
 And when Laws penal are too weak to do it,
 Then their Lay-Levites press the Conscience to it ;
 Who are maintain'd to preach, and pray ; and pray,
 As if they had Commissions of Array
 From Heav'n, to make men fight ; they crie, *Arms, Arms* ;
 What e're's the Text, the Uses are *Alarms* :
 Though they seem pale, like Envy, to our view,
 Their very Pray'rs are of a sanguine hue ;
 And though they've *Jacob's* Voice, yet we do finde
 They've *Esan's* Hands (nay more) they've *Esan's* mind.
 Their empty Heads are Drums, their Noses are
 In sound, and fashion, Trumpets to the War.
 These dangerous Fire-brands, of curst sedition,
 Are Emissaries, to increase division.

These make God's Word their Pander, to attain
 The fond devices of their factious Brain :
 Like Beacons, being set themselves on fire,
 In peoples mindes, they Uproars straight inspire :
 Or, like the Devil, who, since from Heav'n he fell,
 Labours to pull Mankinde, with him, to Hell.
 In this beyond the Devil himself they go ;
 He sow'd by night, they in the day-time sow :
 He while the Servants slept, did sow his Tares,
 They boldly in God's Pastors sight sow theirs.
 They've tongue-ti'd Truth, Scripture they've made a
 Where each new Heresie may see his Face. (Glas,

CHAP. IV.

They make long Speeches, and large promises ;
 And giving hopes of plenty and encrease,
 Cherish all discontented men at hand,
 To help all grievances : they crouch and stand
 Congying to all, and granting every Suit,
 Approve all Causes, Factions ; and impute
 All Scandals to the Court, that they're unjust,
 And negligent, giv'n to delight and Lust ;
 And what's done there (to give the more offence)
 They still interpret in the worser sense,

In all they make great shows of what they'll do;
They'll hear the Poor, and help the Needy too.
For in all civil Discords, those that are
Disturbers, always counterfeit the care
Of publick good; pretending they will be
Protectors of the peoples Libertie;
The priviledge o'th'State, the good o'th'King,
The true Religion: yet all's but to bring
Their own designs about; they'll ruine all,
That they may rise, though the whole Kingdom fall.
By these delusions us'd with dext'rous Art,
They drew all Factious Spirits to their part.
The childish people gazing at what's gay,
Flock to these Shows, as to a Puppet-play:
Like Drunken men, they this way, that way reel,
And turn their Mindes, as Fortune does her Wheel.
They long for noveltie, are pleas'd with shows,
And few Truth, from truth-seeming Errorr knows.
Their Love (like French-mens courage) does begin
Like Powder, and goes out, as soon's 'tis in.
The thing or person whom they dearly love,
Within a moment hate, and disapprove.
They measure every Action by th'event,
And if they're crost by some ill accident,
Whoever serves them, nere shall recompence,
With all his vertuous deeds, one slight offence.

So wretched is that Prince, that Church, that State,
 That rests upon their love, or on their hate.
 They'll all be Kings, and Priests, to teach and sway
 Their Brethren, but they can't indure t'obey,
 Nor rule themselves; and that's the onely cause,
 Why they've pluck'd down Religion, and the Laws,
 And yet will settle neither, that they might
 Have fair pretences to make people fight:
 For by this cunning, every factious minde
 Hopes to finde that, to which he's most inclin'd:
 They like *Miscellionists*, of all mindes be,
 Yet in no one opinion can agree.
 Their Planet-heads they in Conjunction draw,
 As emptie Skulls meet in a *Golgotha*.
 Each Head his severall sense, though senseless all,
 And though their humours by the ears do fall;
 In this they jump, To disobey and hate
 Whatere's injoyn'd them by the Church or State:
 And all strive to be Reformation-men;
 Yet putting out one evil, bring in ten.

CHAP. V.

Great men, that would be little Kings, did come:
 Some led by discontent, b'ambition some;
 Others

Others of ruin'd Fortunes, but a minde
To Pomp, to Sloth, and Luxurie inclin'd;
Who long'd for Civil Wars, that they might be
Instal'd in Wealth, or we in Miserie.
These bobtail'd-Bears, would fain like Lions raign,
And Clowns would drive, or ride in *Charles* his Wain.
These, by their greatness, were the heads of Faction:
The Commons must be Hands, and Feet of Action,
That must by force defend, if they had need,
Their grand design; thus on their plots succeed.

All humours stir'd, none cur'd; jar, yet conspire
To be all Fuel, to begin the fire.
Some go in wantonness to see, and some
Must go, because they cannot stay at home.
Villains, that from just death could not be free,
But by the-Realms publick calamitie:
They're like the Milt, which never can encrease,
But by the Bodies ruine or disease:
That with our Money must recruit their Chests,
And onely in our trouble, have their rests.
Such as in Luxurie, in Lust, in Play,
Have prodigally thrown their 'states away;
Convicted persons, Bankrupt-Citizens,
That spend their own, and long for other mens.
Servants, which from their Masters hither flee,
And change their bondage for this libertie.

Men

Men of high thoughts, and of a desp'rate minde,
 Wilde Gallants, whose vast thoughts were not confin'd
 To th' Circle of the Laws; and all, whom Want
 Or guilty Conscience made extravagant,
 Flockt in to make up this new Colonie,
 Where hainous Crimes had got a Jubilee.
 And as in this, so 'tis in every State,
 Men of low Fortunes envy still and hate
 The good, extol the bad; they disapprove
 All ancient Laws, and novelties do love:
 Disdain their own Estates, and envy those,
 Whose Wealth above their ruin'd Fortune goes.
 These are secure from Troubles, for they're poor,
 And, come what can, they can't be made much more.

Nor was't a small incentive, to behold
 How the poor *Skowndrels* wallowed in Gold:
 How Kingly in their Diet and Array,
 And how they do their betters daunt and sway;
 To whom they had been Vassals heretofore,
 And been perhaps relieved from their Door.
 This made the Peasant who did work for's hire,
 Or Beg, or Steal, leave Ploughing, and aspire
 To imitate the rest as well's he can;
 First steals a Horse, and then's a Gentleman.
 A young Physitian well may guess th' events
 Of Medicines made of such ingredients:

For

For how unlikely is't, things should go right,
When th'Devils Souldiers for God's Cause do fight?

'Mongst these they stole the Hearts of some that be
True-meaning-men of Zeal and Piety;
Though ignorantly zealous, still posselt
By their strange Doctrine, that none could be blest
That were not Actors: who did Neuters stand,
God would spue out; Opposers out of hand
Should be cut off: No Mercie, they decreed,
To th'Enemie, though *Christ* should intercede.
No pardon; but their Goods, Moneys and all,
As guerdon of their facts, to them should fall.

Wealth, Pleasure, Honour, that were wont to be
The general spurs to all Activitie,
Were largely promis'd unto every one,
Just as they found his inclination.
It was esteem'd an ordinary grace;
For broken Citiz to get a Captains place.
The Wealthy Citizens, whose glut'nous eye
Gaz'd on the publick Faith, that Lotterie,
Though they for fear or shame were loth to do it,
They'd cut down Boughs, and cry *Hofanna* to it.
They brought their Plate and Money to this Bank,
Hoping for Prizes, but draw forth a Blank;
Themselves reserve the Prizes: and this stands
Still gaping, like the Bottomless Quick-sands.

You

You might track Plate, like Beasts, to th'Lion's Den,
How much went in, but none come out agen !

Here was our *Primum mobile* of woe !

This was the Mother and the Nurse on't too !

Thus many were drawn in: But those that were
Not mov'd by love, were driven on by fear.

CHAP. VI.

THe adverse part, perceiving their intents,
Prepar'd them powers for their own defence,
The Gentry, for the baseness they did do,
Were quite discountenanc'd, and justly too :
They grew degenerate, and Gentilitie
Was but a Nick-name, or a Liverie,
Which every wealthie Clown might have, and wear,
And be stil'd *Worshipful*. They took no care
To keep their blood untainted from the stain
Of Vulgar fordidness, and so maintain
The glorie of their Ancestors, that be
Deriv'd to them from vast Eternitie ;
But mixt the blood that had enrich'd their Veins,
With each ignoble Slave, or Trull, for gains.
Learning, Wit, Vertue, Birth, Report, that be
Essential bases of Gentilitie,

Vail'd

Vail'd all to Wealth; and that's the Cause we finde
So many rich in Purse, so few in Minde.
How many Justices did Wealth advance
That had nothing to show, but Ignorance?
They liv'd like Cedars, and their drops from high
Made th' Poor like under-woods, to starve and die:
That in what place we saw so many Poor,
Some great man liv'd not far, we might be sure.

Now these that so imperiously did awe,
When they perceiv'd men did not care a straw
For their Commands, but that the Shrub began
To be as stately as the Gentleman;
Then they (though not for Conscience-sake) oppose
Them, that t' infringe the Kinglie pow'r arose.
The truly Noble *Heroes* (for there be
Two contrarieties in each degree)
Are by the blindfold people made to bear
In suffering (though not in sin) a share:
For when the Vulgar to be Judges come,
Then all must suffer for the fault of some.
They quickly saw, when the bold Subject dares
Usurp Kings Rights, 'tis time to look to theirs.

The Vulgar, knowing little, but b'ing led
By th' Priests, or Gentry, joyn to make a head
Each as his phansie leads him.

Some

Some ambidextrous villains took one part,
 And yet held with the other in their heart.
 Such men desire our Wars may still encrease,
 And fear of nothing but a needy Peace.
 Mean while the Neuters, Jacks of both sides stand,
 Poyssing themselves, on both, yet neither hand;
 Like Goddesses of Victory, attend
 To take the Conquerers part i'th' latter end.
 Those that are wisest, were they *Argos*-ey'd,
 And (*Bithyan*-like) had every eye suppli'd
 With double sight, yet they could hardly see
 Which side to take, and save their Bacon free.

So betwixt both, these civil Wars ore-whelm
 Th'whole superficies of this wretched Realm:
 This Land that was a *Canaan*, while 'twas good,
 Is now the sad *Aceldama* of Blood.

CHAP. VII.

AND now the great State-gamblers plainly finde,
 All, either stir'd in body or in minde.
 The Instruments prepar'd, to work they fall;
 Ambiguous Oaths (*Treasons* Original)
 They now invent, impose: first men are made
 To swear amiss, and then they do perswade,

Those

Those Oaths binde them to do what these intend,
Stretching poor souls to bring about their end.

Now Jealousies and Fears, which first arose
From the polluted Consciences of those
That were the first contrivers; these divide
The Limbs from th'Head, nay from themselves beside.
One won't confide in t'other: this although
It rose from nothing, to a world did grow.
Nor did it lose by th'way; like Balls of snow,
It bigger still, as it did go, did grow.

Both separate themselves, and each intends
Distance, a great advantage to their ends.
Those, that had active been on either side,
Are mutually accus'd, sent for, deny'd.
This makes both stick to what they had begun,
And each his course more eagerly did run.

First they fall to't by Pen, which did incense
Both parties with a greater vehemence;
From hence Names of disgrace at first arose,
And each to other made more odious.
And the amazed people did invite
To lay aside their tedious Peace, and fight.
They plainly saw the War, before they could
Discern the Cause on't; and they might behold
Th'effects, though not the Quarrel; they well knew
That they must feel the War, and end it too.

War,

War, like a Serpent, at the first, appear'd
 Without a Sting, that it might not be fear'd ;
 But having got in's head, begins to be
 The sole Monopolist of Monarchie.

Thus by degrees we ran from Peace : to go
 Downward, was easie ; but b'ing once below,
 To re-ascend that glorious Hill, where blis
 Sits thron'd with Peace, oh what a labour 'tis !
 Our floating eyes, in Seas of Tears, may feel
 The Heav'n we're faln from ; but our miserie
 Does more encrease, to Tantalize to th'brink
 In happines, when yet we cannot drink.
 Now we must fight for Peace, whose worth by most
 Was not discern'd, till utterly 'twas lost.
 None know the good of Peace, but such as are
 Broil'd in the Furnace of Intestine War.

CHAP. VIII.

NOW having us'd the Effeminate war of words,
 Which did enlarge the jars, at length the Swords
 Apparelling themselves in robes of Blood,
 Sate Doctors of the Chair ; which never stood
 To hear the Cause, but quickly does decide
 All that comes near, and without skill divide

All *individuum*s. 'Tis a fearful Case,
When undiscerning Swords have Umpires place;
That have two-edg'd to wound, but have no eye
To sever Justice from Iniquity.

When Rage and Ignorance shall moderate,
That understand no Syllogisms, but straight
Turning all method into curst confusion,

Majors to *Minors*, bring both to *Conclusions*.

And now the great *Reformists* only care
Is how to help those miseries which were
Of their own rearing Faction, like a Snake,
Stings those, from whom it did a quick'ning take;
First, all the Kingdom to a need they draw;
Then make that need, they've brought, their only Law;
This Mint of Laws stands not on observation
Of Statutes fixt (the Birth-right of our Nation :)
It's turn'd a Warlike Council, and no more
A legal Senate, as it was before:
Now *salus Populi* begins to be
The general Warrant to all Villanie,
Of which themselves are Judges. Lawless Need
(The conqu'ring Rebel to all Laws) does plead
A privilege; what e're they say or do,
New need still makes them act contrary to.
When any injur'd Subjects did complain,
These two Laws paramount could all maintain.

E

Religion

Religion too, and Fundamental Laws,
Are both o're-ruled by a Law, call'd *Cause*.

CH A P. I X.

OUr Quarrel is a working jealousy
Fixt in a sever'd Kingdom; both sides be
So diffident of each, they'll rather die,
Than trust each other: such Antipathie
Springs from this ground. Subjects dare spill the Blood
Of their Anointed Sovereign, for his good:
Th'ungrateful Son, forgetting Nature's Laws,
Dares kill his Father for the good of's *Cause*:
Fathers their Sons; and Brothers, Kinsmen, Friends,
Do seek their Brothers, Friends, and Kinsmens ends.
Arms, that long useless lay for want of War,
Are now call'd forth, more summoned from far.
English to *English* are become a terrour;
One wicked action is a second's mirrour.
Each strives in mischief to transcend another,
And every Christian is a Turk to's Brother.
Blows seldom fall upon a barren ground,
But bear Centuple crops, they still rebound.
Rage begets Rage, men do in Vice climbe higher,
And all bring fuel to encrease the fire.

Consci-

Conscience rejected, men their forces bend,
Which shall the rest in hight of sin transcend.
Now Faith and Loyalty grow out of date,
And Treason is the Gole that's aimed at.
The sacred League 'twixt Body and the Soul,
Which Laws preserv'd inviolate, and whole,
Is daily broke, and that sweet Bridegroom forc'd
From his beloved Spouse to be divorc'd.
Each man is drunk with *Gallus*, and grows mad;
Nor can there *Hellebore* enough be had
To re-instate our Reason in its Throne:
Nor have we sense enough to feel we've none.
Th'Age was so vile, the Iron Age of old,
Compar'd with ours, may be an Age of Gold.

We in the times of Peace, like th'Ocean, were
Impenetrable, till Divisions tare
Us from our selves, and did divide us quite,
As the *Red Sea* was by the *Israelite*.
And we like Walls, facing each other, stand
To guard our selves, while they devour our Land.
We are like those that vainly go to Law,
And spend their Corn, while they defend the Straw:
We sue for Titles, Castles in the Air,
Egg'd on on both sides by the Martial Lawyer,
Who saies the Cause is good: but what's the fruit?
We spend the substance to maintain the Suit.

At last, we purchase at so dear a rate,
 A larger Title of an empty State.
 But oh ! the general Law-case of our Nation
 Doth know no Term, nor yet our woes Vacation.

CHAP. X.

NAy, we can't soon enough our selves undo,
 But we call others in to help us too.
 They bring their pocky Whores, and do desire
 To drive us from our Land by Sword and Fire.
 These serve as Umpires, not to work our Peace,
 But that their Wealth may with our Wars encrease :
 For Forrain aids and Contributions are
 Not to conclude, but to prolong the War,
 All for their own advantage ; not t'expire,
 But (fewel-like) t'encrease the fatal fire.
 We (like the Steel and Flint) do fall by th'ears,
 And each by mutual blows his fellow wears :
 Mean while the Souldier (like a wily Fox)
 Purfes the golden sparkles, which our knocks
 Strike forth : so we must all expect no less
 Than certain Ruine, or a sudden Peace.
 These Journey-Souldiers will expect a pay,
 Nor can fair promises their stomachs stay :

Plun-

Plunder but blows the flame : they will so far
 Engage themselves in our unnat'ral War,
 That when they end it, it shall be so well,
 They'll take the Fish, and give both sides a Shell.
 They (*Phoenix*-like) will from our ashes rise,
 And 'tis our ruine only satisfies
 Their bloody mindes ; and we may justly fear
 They will have all, not be content to share.

CHAP. XI.

HOW direful are th'effects of Civil War !
 No Countries, Cities, Corporations are,
 Nor Families, but their division's so,
 That their own selves will their own selves undo.
 One's for the *King*, and t'other for the *States* ;
 And the poor Souldiers, like the *Andabates*,
 Fight blindfold, shoot, are shot, are wounded, die,
 Only because they do, not knowing why.
 Yet those whom Rage had hurri'd on to slay
 Each other in the *Exodus* o'th'day,
 Breathe with their souls their anger out, and lie
 Kissing, or hug each other when they die :
 And though in life they had such enmitie,
 Meet in one death, and there they both agree.

Two Armies now against themselves do fight,
For th'publick good, so equal both in might,
That between both the Kingdom's like to fail,
And both to fall, but neither to prevail :
Yet both in disagreeing do consent,
To be the Realms continual punishment.

While some, like Camels, take delight to swill
Their souls i'th'troubled waters of our ill,
That are on foot i'th'Kingdom, and do rise
When that does fall ; and on our miseries
Do float, like Arks ; the more the Waves aspire,
The more they dance, and are exalted higher.
That (Leech-like) live by Blood : but let such know,
Though they live merry at the Kingdoms woe,
'Tis a sad *Obit*, when their Obsequies
Are tun'd with Widows and with Orphans cries,
Wo be to those, that did so far engage
This wretched Kingdom in this deadly rage !
That both sides being Twins of Church and State,
Should slay each other in their fatal hate.
This Mountain-sin will clog their guilty souls,
Whose pois'nous breath hath kindled all these coals ;
And when their Souls do from their Bodies flie,
If they have burial, (which they so desire,
And 'tis more fit their Carcas meat should be
To beasts, whom they transcend in cruelty)

Posterity upon their Tombs shall write,
Better these men had never seen the light.
'Tis just that all *Achitophels* of State,
That have his policie, should have his Fate.

CHAP. XII.

THe Sun four times, and more, his course hath run,
Since we began to strive to be undon ;
Since millions, heap'd on millions, do concur
To encrease the sinews of this too-strong War.
The glutted ground hath been parboil'd in Blood
Of equal slaughters ; Victory hath stood
Indifferent Arbiter to either side,
As if that Heav'n by that had signifi'd
Both were in fault, and did deserve to be
Both overthrown , not Crown'd with Victory.
While Saw-pit Warriours blinde the peoples eyes,
On both sides, with mock-victories, and lies ;
And tell us of great Conquests , but they be
Total defeats giv'n by *Synechdoche* :
When one side is the master of the field,
To other striv'd to recruit, but not to yield ;
And which soever won, was sure to lose,
The Conquests being the Conq'ror's overthrows,

Skirmishes every day, where Souldiers get
Salmatian spoils, with neither blood nor sweat;
 To overcome by turns both sides agree;
 Horses are taken, but the men go free.
 Towns have been lost and won, and lost and won;
 Whole Countries plunder'd, thousands been undone,
 All to no purpose: Wars still keep their course,
 And we instead of better, grow far worse.
 War does the nature o'th' *Abeston* hold,
 Which being once made hot, grows never cold.
 We have a Lease of lives on't, our heirs be
 Intitled to our Plagues, as well as we,
 By lineal succession. Peace is quite
 Ejected from possession of her right.
 Passion's like heavy bodies down a Hill,
 Once set in motion, do run downward still.
 The Quarrel's still inflamed; Jealousies
 And Fears increase, Malice doth higher rise,
 Want comes upon us arm'd: Humanity
 Dissolves to savageness; Friendship doth lie
 Trod under foot; neither can Natures force,
 Or Consanguinity beget remorse,
 Or un-inrage mens fury: now the Sword
 Is Lord Chief-Justice, and will not afford
 Law the copartnership; for none must be
 Primate or Metropolitan, but he.

Laws are but ligaments of Peace, which are
Broken (like threds) by all in time of War.

CHAP. XIII.

PLundring, that first was licens'd by that Cause,
That turns ev'n Lawlessnes it self to Laws,
Spur'd on by Need, and sweetned by the gain,
Grows Epidemical, and spreads amain:
It slightes the difference of friends and foes,
And like an uncurb'd Torrent, overflows.
That which before was Felony, 's the same
Only new Christen'd with a German-Name.
This violent killing men, which was ere while
Condemn'd for Murther, now they Valour stile.
Opposing of a Parliament, they bring
Now to be due Allegiance to the King.
And who the King's Prerogative do hate,
Are now call'd faithful servants to the State.
The King (a syllable that us'd to be
Sacred ; a name that wore Divinitie)
Is banded on the tongue of ev'ry Slave,
And most by those to whom he quickning gave.
The Cobler's Crow hath now forgot to sing
His *παῖς Κούρας*, but cries, *Kill the King.*

He,

He, on whose Health, Wealth, Safety do depend
 Our Health, Wealth, Safety, and with whose they end;
 He, whom the everlasting Potter chose
 A Vessel for himself, is by his foes
 Scandal'd, despis'd: those *Phaetons* of Pride,
 Would pull him down, that they might up and ride.

Our Wealth, the excrement of all our toil,
 For which, in days of Peace, we did so moyl,
 And care to rake together, 's quickly gone,
 Like a scrap'd Portion on a scattering son.
 Gold, which we made our God, and did adore,
 Is but a Cause to make our plagues the more:
 The Worldling's *Mammon*, which (he did suppose)
 Made him not love his Friends, nor fear his Foes,
 Is now his snare; nay, 'tis become a sin,
 Now to have Wealth, where heretofore hath been
 Our only vertue. We call those good men,
 That swell'd with Goods, not Goodness; now 'tis grown
 Our onely innocence, if we have none.

The idle Souldier doth devour the store
 That painful men have labour'd for before;
 Unstock the grounds, and clean deface the fields:
 Th'untutor'd ground scarce any Harvest yields;
 The Grass for want of Cattel, dries away,
 And without labour turns it self to Hay.

Corn

Corn while it grows, is eat or trodden down ;
Or if it happen to be reapt or mown,
Right owners do but toyl the more about it,
To bring't to them, themselves must go without it :
They work, fare, lie hard, all to maintain Knaves,
So that at best, they are but Troopers slaves ;
And now in them is *Adam's* Curse made good,
They with much labour get a little food.
Some men will toyl no more to till the ground,
Because no profit of it does redound
Unto themselves ; or (which is worse) for want
Of Horse or Hindes, those that would do it, can't.

CHAP. XIV.

ALL which do usher in a Famine ; that
Comes seldom unattended ; Graves grow fat.
When Captain *Lack* comes with his hungry Troop
Of fell diseases, and takes people up
To victual Death a Garrison ; then all
That scape the Sword, must by the Famine fall.
We, to our grief, shall finde that Axiome true,
Who die without the Sword, die by it too.
Need will create new foes ; for Hunger grows
A Warrant to all Villanie, and knows

No

No Property nor Right; wrongs legal be
By that Authentick Law, Necessitie.

Spur'd on by this, no man will pass or care,
So he may have't, from whom, how, when, or where.

Commanders make a mizmaze of the War,
And all their Battles subtile motions are.
If one remove his men, the other will
Move after him, and so they follow still;
But yet they have a Precept, that confines
Each in the compass of their mutual Lines,
And not molest each other; they agree
To share our Goods, and set each other free,
By mutual change. Thus that great Idol *Cause*,
To whom they've sacrific'd the mangled Laws
Of God and man, is but a cunning paint,
To make a Devil seem a Heav'nly saint.

While we like Turkish slaves, are bought and sold,
Imprison'd, and releas'd, and all for Gold,
From one to t'other: Now we need not fear
Algier abroad, we have too many here;
And what ere they pretend their quarrels are,
They only fight which shall have greatest share
In our Estates, by Rapine, and by Stealth;
And thus they mean they fight for th'Commonwealth.
This lacks a House, and that desires a Field;
And new Enjoyments new Desires do yield.

The

The Victors know nor modesty, nor measure
Of their desires, but their Gain, Pomp, and Pleasure.
No moderation bridles or keeps in
The head-strong force of a prevailing sin.
And the Commanders too, that ought to be
The *Remora's* to th'Souldiers cruelty,
Sometimes transcend the rest in Vice, as far
As they b' Authority above them are.
Beggars on Horse-back, that no art can do,
Whereby we may them from Inferiours know,
But by their injuries, and those do stand
As a sure argument of their Command.
Nor fight they as our Ancestors did fight,
By force to get our Law-denied right;
But cauponate the War; they sell and buy
A Town, a Castle, or a Victory.
What ere an Enemy shall do or say,
Is all, forgiven if he will but pay.
These Garisons are Sanctuaries still,
To shelter those, that do and maintain ill.
They're Purgatories too; we go about
To bring in Popery, while we drive it out.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

ANd yet these Souldiers go t'undo us quite,
 And steal our Reason, as they have our Right.
 Both say they fight for our Religion,
 And Laws, which all our safety stands upon;
 Yet, they'd bewitch us so, we should not see,
 That by this War both violated be;
 Unless we take Prophaneness for the true
 Religion, and Injury for Due.

If Imprisonment be Liberty, and Peace
 Be made by open Wars: if Truth encrease
 By new-broacht Heresies; then Churches are
 Maintain'd by Blood, and Kingdoms rul'd by War.

If in those two a Gordian-knot were knit,
 'Tis fit that Wisdom then should open it,
 And not the Sword. War is the common Nurse
 Of Barbarism; Souldiers add curse to curse:
 Those rude professors o'th'reforming Trade,
 How unfit Instruments will they be made
 To rectifie the Church, that hardly name
 God, but in Oaths, when Wine or Wrath inflame
 Themselves above themselves? or if there are
 Men of more Conscience than the rest, or care,

'Tis

'Tis but to gloze their Actions; we all see
Their courses are full of Impietie.

How can we exercise Religion now,
When want of Laws doth liberty allow
To all Prophaneness? Such lewd men as they
Have made the War a common Holiday
To all licentiousness. We hardly can
Serve God aright (so vile is every man;)
Nor live uprightly in such times as these,
Being so wicked in the daies of Peace.
Is this Religion, when each Souldier dares
Become a Bishop, to correct our Prayers,
And new-coin all our Orders? each retains
A publick Synod in his factious Brains.

Temples which pious Fathers have erected
For Divine Worship, how are they rejected!
Made stalls for Horse and Men (more beasts than they:)
Where God did feed his Flock, Horse feed on Hay.
Garments to Churches giv'n by Saints, t'adorn
The Sheep, by sacrilegious Wolves are worn.
And harmless Rails, which stood in the defence
O'th' Table, from irrev'rent violence,
They have thrown down; as if they would allow
No railing, but such as from Pulpets flow.
Whoe're but sees these acts, must needs allow
God's House was n'ere more den of thieves than now.

Such

Such bad effects, or more pernicious far,
 We must expect: when an eternal War
 Cures a divided Church, the Victorie
 Will prove more pestilent than th'War can be.

CHAP. XVI.

OLD Laws cannot be us'd, or new ones made,
 When general Lawlessness doth all invade.
 Custome and Liberty have made mens minde
 Uncapable of curbs; that should we finde
 Laws re-establiſh'd with a pow'r to sway,
 Men are more prone to suffer than t'obey.

The eyeless Sword's unable to decide,
 But with it's two-edg'd skill it doth divide
 The Client, not the Cause; our Liberties,
 Which they pretend to save, before our eyes
 Are still infring'd; they ev'ry day divorce
 Us from our livings, by that Law call'd *Force*.
 Nor have we Judges, to appeal for Right,
 Nor Law to live by, but a greater Might:
 That should we by such courses purchase Peace,
 'Twould be dear-bought at such high rates as these.
 Nor would I thank their bounty, that present
 Food, when my body is by Famine spent.

And

And all these woes (the more t'augment our Curse)
Are but sad Prologues to an Act that's worse.
Yet though our woes be great, and still encrease,
We're not desirous, nor prepar'd for Peace;
But so bewitched with their fawning knavery,
We binde our selves to an eternal slavery:
For if that any peaceful Treaties are,
Those manage them that have begun the War:
And how unlikely is't, it should succeed,
When Malefactors Judge, and Traytors Plead?

CHAP. XVII.

THe Loyal Subjects mourn, and grieve to see
The Realm destroy it self by Policie,
To prevent Ruine; and will be as far
From blowing, as from kindling this our War:
Not out of Cowardise, or fear to die;
But they desire to have a reason why
This Realm is not better preserv'd by Peace,
Than by such Ruine-bringing-Wars as these:
They see no cause so great, why 'twas begun,
As now they do, why it should soon be done.
They love the *King* in earnest, and believe,
His presence doth a perfect essence give

F

To

To *Parliaments* ; which though they don't adore,
 They duly honour, and do wish for more,
 Though not for such : and they think them to be,
 If right, the Kingdoms sole felicity.

They think them not omnipotent, but be
 Men, Subjects, prone to erre, as well as we.
 They love Religion, and don't hold it fit
 To have it alter'd by each Cockscorn's wit.
 They would not have it puppeted with shows,
 Nor rudely stript start-naked of its Clothes ;
 As if there were no better way to cure
 A Lethargy, but with a Calenture.

The Surplice, which so much is rail'd upon,
 And term'd by some the *Whore of Babylon* ;
 Wise men will not believe 'tis so ; or wer't,
 Whores Smocks will serve to make a Rogue a Shirt.
 Or if Whores do wear Smocks, we do not know
 Why honest people should not wear some too.
 It is not zeal of those that rob us of it ;
 But 'cause 'twas whorish, therefore they do love it.

Oft Preaching is not counted an offence,
 Lest Treason and Sedition flow from thence :
 For it is known, they that do Faction teach,
 May (what d'e call't) but neither Pray nor Preach.
 Good Preachers are as contrary to these,
 As is our *Zenith* to th' *Antipodes*.

Those

Those like not Peace, that go about to draw
The Gospel from agreement with the Law ;
And would have so much difference betwixt
These two, as 'tween their Doctrine and their Text:
'Tis our desire to make them friends again,
That so the Gospel may the Law maintain.
They are (though two) one word, and should agree;
As their two Authors, in one unitie.

We hate Court-lazy-Clergy, and withal,
The new State-Levites, too pragmatical.
We pray for Peace, the Physick of our Nation,
Not sprung from War, but from Accommodation.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHy then, you tott'ring Bases of our Land,
Who at this wave-toft Kingdoms Stern do stand;
Why did you first begin? why do you still
With all your force strive to prolong our ill?
Can't all our sad Petitions? can't our Charms
Of people groaning under the Alarms
Of bloody broils, nor slaughter'd Subjects cries,
Move you to end our endless miseries?
Sheath up your Swords, and let your quarrels cease,
Or drown themselves in a desired Peace.

The *King* and *State* are individual,
 And both must needs decay if one do fall.
 They're like the Twins of old *Hippocrates*,
 Both live together, both together cease.
 And what a glorious triumph 'tis to see
 Both Prince and People kiss in Unitie !

Our God is all-sufficient, and as far
 In Peace he's to be trusted, as in War :
 He can as well Wisdom bestow, and skill
 To treat, as pow'r to fight ; and as he will,
 Both have success. 'Tis man-like to contest
 By disputation ; Force is for a Beast.

Those that do save a State from perishing,
 Do truly love the Kingdom and the King.
 And as much Honour will to those accrue,
 That save a Kingdom, as that gain a new.

You that are call'd Divine, nay Gods, why then
 Do you degenerate to worse than men ?
 And have no share of what should in you be
 The chief of Attributes, just Clemency ?
 Is't not as great a glory, to forget
 An Injury, as take revenge for it ?
 The injur'd Subject would be glad to hear
 That mutual Love might triumph over Fear.
 What if we have been injur'd heretofore ?
 Must we, to help us, make our wrongs the more ?

If

If we were wet before, shall we desire
No remedy, but a consuming fire ?
And can there be no temperate Region known
Betwixt the *Frigid* and the *Torrid Zone* ?
War is a pleasant Theme to those that do
Not what it is, nor what it bringeth, know.
But they will get as much that first began
These broils, as he that ploughs the Ocean ;
Nothing but stormy Billows. War's a Play,
Which both the Stage and Actors will destroy.
'Tis like an Elstridge, hot, and can digest
Men that are valiant, men of Iron brest.

Would you've Religion ? 'tis no godly course
To write upon mens Consciences by force.
Faith is destroy'd, and Love that cemented
The Head and Members, now from both is fled.
Where's then our hope ? God did not hold it good,
That Hands which had bathed themselves in bloud,
(Though in a lawful War) should ever build
A Temple to his Name : Mens brains are fill'd
With Faction so, that all who lent a hand
To un-create Religion which did stand
Established by Law, now each is left
To his own fancie, how he please to hav't.
Now here will be no Church ; each pate will be
A Cross to *Christ*, a second *Calvarie*.

Nor can the Earth bring any Fruit that's good,
 When it is dung'd with its own Childrens bloud.
 But how melodiously the accents sound
 Of Peace, when full-chapt Plenty does rebound,
 And answer like an Eccho!

Peace is the strength of Truth, the strength of Laws ;
 Law, Truth, and Peace, are all *Synonyma's*.
 This is the good mans Darling ; from this springs
 The wealth of Subjects, and the grace of Kings.

CHAP. XIX.

BUt an unbiass'd Reason may suppose
 Which side, by th'Sword, does prove victorious
 Will so insult o're his inflav'd foe,
 That whatsoever does but make a show
 Of leaning to't, though in it self most good,
 Will without Law or Reason be withstood.
 Which side foe're doth rise by t'others fall,
 Will still remain too great, and that too small :
 And such a Victory it self will be
 A greater War, a longer miserie.

For should the King prevail, 'tis to be fear'd,
 We justly are from Parliaments cashier'd ;

And

And without those, what can we look for less
Than an untrue, or else a slavish Peace?
So while we pole away his natural power,
He's periwig'd with greater than before.
'Tis the best Conquest when the Prince is Lord
Of's peoples hearts by Love, not by the Sword:
For what's the King with a full pow'r to sway,
When there are left no Subjects to obey?

And if the War to th'States a Conquest brings,
Have at Prerogatives, and pow'r of Kings.
For when the Realm is in confusion run,
(As it must be, when e're the War is done,)
The people being Victors, we shall finde
As various in desires as they're in minde:
They'll be controlling still, and still aspire
To limit Legal Pow'r, not their desire:
And when their Votes are granted, are as far
From b'ing contented with't, as now they are.
Both King and Magistrate must look to reign
No longer than they do their wills maintain:
And that *Great Council* (if, they did intend)
Can't bring the stubborn people so to bend
T' authority, that any King shall sway
By fixed Laws, they loyally obey;
No more than Pilots on the stormy Seas,
Can guide their ca'pring Vessels where they please.

So we (like fools) while we do *Scylla* shun,
 Do headlongly into *Charybdis* run.
 For if we can't endure t'obey one King,
 What shall we do if we a thousand bring?

CHAP. XX.

HOW sad our Case is now! how full of woe!
 We may lament, but cannot speak, or know;
 Our God, in whom our Peace, our Plenty lay,
 In whom we liv'd, on whom we fix'd our stay,
 Who being pleas'd, our foes became our friends,
 (All their designs conducing to his ends)
 Is highly now incens'd, and will no more
 Own us for's people, as he did before;
 But hath deliver'd us to th'hands of those
 That are our God's, our King's, our Kingdoms foes,
 And we're involved in so many evils,
 That men turn Souldiers, and the Souldiers Devils,
 'Tis he that all this variance did bring;
 The King 'gainst us, and we against the King.
 A King, so Good, so Gracious, so Divine,
 That (if 'twere possible) he doth outshine
 The glory of his Ancestors; yet he
 Is bundled up in our Calamitie.
 Better ten thousands of his Subjects fall,
 Than He whose Life's th'*Enchiridion* of all.

Our Council's thwarting, and our Clergy heady,
Gentry divided, Commonalty unsteady ;
That always to the rising party run,
Like Shadows, Ecchoes to the rising Sun.
Religion rent with Schisms, a broken State,
Our Government confus'd, and those that hate
The Realm, still undermining, those that brought
A civil War, which all our ill hath wrought ;
The King in danger, and the Kingdom rol'd
Into inevitable ruine, fold
Unto her Foes.

Commerce and Trade, the sinews of a State,
The bane of Poverty, grows out of date.
Learning's neglected ; and the Heptarchy
Of liberal Arts, all unregarded lie.
Our Wealth decays , yet Souldiers encrease ;
The more we fight, the farther off from Peace.
United Kingdoms jarring, and our foes
Laugh at, and labour to encrease our Woes.

A general Jealousie, Intestine Hate,
'Twixt several Members of one wretched State.
Both pretend Peace and Truth, yet both oppose ;
Which, till both do agree on't, no man knows.
Truth is the Childe of Peace ; the golden mean
'Twixt two extreams, which both sides part from clean.
The Poor, that beg'd relief from door to door,
Are like to pine, each rich man to be poor ;

And

And many Christians are expos'd (we see)
Unto the more than barb'rous Crueltie
Of the remorseless Souldiers, who run on,
Like Torrents, uncontrolled, and are grown
Quite prodigal o'th' guiltless blood they draw,
Emboldned by the silence of the Law.
Streets ring with Swearing, one Oath brings another,
As if one were the Eccho unto t'other.
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Quality they spare,
They're not allur'd by Love, nor aw'd by Fear,
The *Carolists*, and the *Rotunditie*,
Both must be blended in one Miseric.
They rack, hang, torture men on either side,
To make them tell where they their Gold do hide.
And lovely Ladies cries do fill the Air,
While they are drag'd about the house by th'hair.
Some ravish'd, others rob'd of their Attire,
Whose naked Beauty 'flames their base desire ;
And when they have deflour'd those spotless Souls,
They butcher them : Whole Towns calcin'd to Coles ;
Children that from their Mothers first came hither,
Are with their Mothers by them nail'd together.
From wounded Hearts a bloody Ocean springs ;
The King bleeds in our Wounds, we in the Kings.
Slain Bodies naked lie, and scarce can have
A Christian Burial ; Kings scarce a Grave,

Nor

Nor have we *Zoars* to fly to, from ill,
 But must stay in this *Sodome*, come what will ;
 Where we in floating bloud surrounded lie,
 Like Islands in a Sea of Miserie :
 Nor have we either Bulwarks, Forts, or Arms,
 To stand betwixt our fences and our harms,
 But our bare Skulls ; no Trumpets, but our cries,
 And those can't help, though ease our miseries.
 Complaint's an easement to a burden'd Soul,
 That vents by retail, what we feel in whole.
 So on th' *Hydraula's* of our dropfi'd eyes,
 We (Swan-like) sing at our own Obsequies.
 We pour out Tears, and having spent our store,
 We weep again, 'cause we can weep no more :
 Yet all in vain, our Grieffs do still extend,
 And know no measure, nor our Sorrows end.

Nay, which is more, those that should help all this,
 Labour to make't more woful than it is.
 Peace we may labour for, but ne're shall see,
 Till men from pride and avarice be free.
 Which since we so desire, and cannot finde,
 Let's make a Ladder of our peace of minde, [dwell,
 By which we'll scale that Throne, where peace doth
 Roab'd with such joys, which none can think nor tell ;
 Which neither vice can break, nor time decay ;
 Nor Schism, nor Treason ever take away.

O det Deus his quoq; finem.

Post-

Postscript.

To his Judicious Friend, Mr. J. H.

FRIEND,

I Have anvil'd out this *Iron Age*,
Which I commit, not to your Patronage,
But Skill and Art; for till't be fyl'd by you,
'Twill seem ill-shap'd in a judicious view:
But, having past your test, it shall not fear
The bolt of Criticks, nor their venom'd Spear.
Nay (if you think it so) I shall be bold
To say, 'tis not an *Age of Ir'n*, but *Gold*.

A. C.

Eidem.

H*ic Liber est mundus, homines sunt (Holkine) Versus;
Invenies paucos hęc, ut in orbe, bonos.*

Owen. Ep.

To



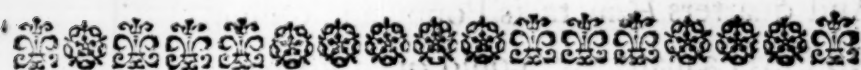
To my Lord Lieutenant of
I R E L A N D.

HOW much you may oblige, how much delight
 The Wise and Noble, would you die to night !
 Would you like some grave fullen *Niſtor* die,
 Juſt when the Triumphs for the Victorie
 Are ſetting out ; would you die now t'eſchew
 Our Wreaths, for what your wiſdom did ſubdue ;
 And though they're bravely fitted for your head,
 Bravely diſdain to wear them till you're dead :
 Such *Cynick*-glory would out-ſhine the light
 Of *Grecian*-greatneſs, or of *Roman*-height.
 Not that the Wiſe and Noble can deſire
 To loſe the Object they ſo much admire :
 But Heroes and Saints muſt ſhift away
 Their fleſh, ere they can get a Holy-day :
 Then like to Time, or Books feign'd Regiſters,
 Victors, or Saints, renown'd in Calenders,
 You muſt depart, to make your value known ;
 You may be lik't, but not ador'd till gone.
 So curſt a Fate hath humane excellence,
 That abſence ſtill muſt raiſe it to our ſenſe.

Great

Great vertue may be dang'rous ; whilst 'tis here,
 It wins to love, but it subdues to fear.
 The mighty *Julius*, who so long did strive
 At more than man, was hated whilst alive ;
 Even for that Vertue which was rais'd so high,
 When dead, it made him straight a *Deity*.
 Embassadors that carry in their breast
 Secrets of Kings and Kingdoms Interest,
 Have not their Calling's full preheminance,
 Till they grow greater by removing hence :
 Like Subjects, here they but attend the Crown,
 Yet swell like Kings Companions when they're gone.
 My Lord, in a dull Calm the Pilot grows
 To no Esteem for what he acts or knows,
 But sits neglected, as he useles were,
 Or con'd his Card, like a young Passenger :
 But when the silent Windes recover breath,
 When Storms grow loud enough to waken Death,
 Then were he absent, every Traffiquer
 Would with rich wishes buy his being there.
 So in a Kingdom calm you leave no rate,
 But rise to value in a storm of State.
 Yet I recant ; I beg you would forgive,
 That in such times I must perswade you live :
 For with a Storm we all are overcast,
 And Northern Storms are dangerous when they last.
Should

Shou'd you now die, that only know to steer,
 The Windes would less afflict us then our fear :
 For each small States-man then would lay his hand
 Upon the Helm, and struggle for Command,
 Till the disorders that above do grow,
 Provoke our curses, whilst we sink below.



A S A T Y R

AGAINST

SEPARATISTS.

I've been, Sir, where so many Puritans dwell,
 That there are only more of them in Hell :
 Where silenc'd Ministers enough were met
 To make a Synod ; and may make one yet.
 Their blessed liberty they've found at last,
 And talk'd for all those years of silence past.
 Like some half-pin'd, and hunger-starved men,
 Who when they next get Victuals surfeit then.
 Each Country of the World sent us back some,
 Like several Windes, which from all Quarters come,
 To make a storm. As't haps, 'tis Sunday too,
 And their chief *Rabbies* preach. To Church I go,
 Where,

He whines now, whispers straight, and next does roar ;
 Now draws his long words, and now leaps them o're.
 Such various voices I admir'd, and said,
 Sure all the Congregation in him praid.
 'Twas the most tedious Soul, the dullest he,
 That ever came to Doctrines twenty three,
 And nineteen Uses. How he draws his *Hum*,
 And quarters *Haw*, talks Poppy and Opium !
 No Fever a mans eyes could open keep ;
 All *Argus* body he'd have preach'd asleep
 In half an hour. The *Wauld*, O *Lawd*, he cries
Lukewarmness : And this melts the womens eyes.
 They sob aloud, and straight aloud I snore,
 Till a kinde Psalm tells me the danger's o're.
 Flesh'd here with this escape, boldly to th'Hall
 I venture, where I meet the Brethren all.
 First there to the grave Clergy I am led,
 By whatsoever title distinguished,
 Whether most reverend Batchellors they be
 Of Art, or reverend Sophs, or no Degree.
 Next stand the Wall-eyed Sisters all arow,
 Nay, their Scal'd-headed Children they come too :
 And mingled among these stood gaping there
 Those few Lay-men that not o'th' Clergy were.
 Now they discourse ; some stories here relate
 Of bloody Popish Plots against the State :

Which

Which by the Spirit, and Providence, no doubt,
 The men that made have found most strangely out,
 Some blame the King, others more moderate, say,
 He's a good man himself, but led away:
 The women rip old Wounds, and with small tears
 Recount the loss of the three Worthies Ears
 Away you fools, 'twas for the good o'th'men;
 They ne're were perfect Round-heads until then,
 But against Bishops they all rail; and I
 Said boldly, I'd defend the Hierarchy:
 To th'Hierarchy they meant no harm at all,
 But root and branch for Bishops; to't we fall;
 I like a fool, with reason, and those men
 With wrested Scripture: a lye Deacon then
 Thrust in his Ears, So speaks th'Apostle too:
 How speaks he, friend? not in the nose, like you,
 Straight a She-zealot raging to me came,
 And said, o'th'what d'you call't party I am;
 Bishops are limbs of Antichrist, she cries:
 Repent, repent good woman, and be wise,
 The Devil will have you else, that I can tell,
 Believe't, and poach th'eggs o'those eyes in Hell
 An hideous storm was ready to begin,
 When by most blessed Fate the meat came in;
 But then so long, so long a Grace is fed,
 That a Good Christian when he goes to bed,

Would be contented with a shorter prayer :
 Oh how the Saints injoy'd the creatures there !
 Three Pasties in the minute of an hour,
 Large, and well wrought, they Root and Branch devour,
 As glibly as they'd swallow down Church-land ;
 In vain the lesser Pies hope to withstand.
 On Geese and Capons, with what zeal they feed ?
 And wond'ring cry, A goodly Bird indeed !
 Their spirits thus warm'd, all the jests from them came
 Upon the Names of *Laud*, *Duck*, *Wren*, and *Lamb*,
 Canons and Bishops Sees ; and one most wise,
 I like this innocent Mirth at Dinner, cries,
 Which now by one is done ; and Grace by two ;
 The Bells ring, and again to Church we go.
 Four Psalms are sung, (wise times no doubt they be,
 When *Hopkins* justles out the Liturgie)
 Psalms, which if *David* from from his seat of Bliss
 Doth hear, he little thinks they're meant for his.
 And now the Christian *Bajazet* begins ;
 The suffering Pulpit groans for *Israels* sins :
 Sins, which in number many though they be,
 And crying ones, are yet less loud than he :
 His stretch'd-out voice Sedition spreads afar,
 Nor does he onely teach, but act a War :
 He sweats against the State, Church, Learning, Sense,
 And resolves to gain Hell by violence.

Down

Down, down ev'n to the ground must all things go,
 There was some hope the Pulpit would down too.
 Work on, work on good Zeal, but still I say,
 Law forbids threshing thus o'th' Sabbath-day.
 An hour lasts this two-handed Prayer, and yet
 Not a kinde syllable from him can Heaven get,
 Till to the Parliament he comes at last ;
 Just at that blessed Word his fury's past :
 And here he thanks God in a loving Tone,
 But *Land* ; and then he mounts : All's not yet done :
 No, would it were, think I, but much I fear
 That all will not be done this two hours here :
 For now comes to, *As you shall finde it writ*,
 Repeats his Text, and takes his leave of it ;
 And straight to his Sermon, in such furious wise,
 As made it what they call't, an Exercise.
 The Pulpit's his hot Bath : the Brethrens Cheer,
 Rost-beef, Minc't-py, and Capon reek out here.
 Oh how he whips about six year ago,
 When superstitious Decencie did grow
 So much in fashion ! How he whets his fist
 Against the name of Altar, and of Priest !
 The very name, in his outrageous heat.
 Poor innocent *Vox ad palciturum* how he beat !

Next he cuffs out Set-prayer, even the Lords,
 It bindes the Spirit, he says, as 'twere with cords ;

Even with Whip-cords. Next must Authority go,
 Authority's a kinde of binder too.
 First then he intends to breathe himself upon
 Church-government; have at the King anon.
 The thing's done straight, in poor six minutes space
Titus and *Timothy* have lost their place;
 Nay with th'Apostles too it e'en went hard,
 All their Authority two thumps more had mar'd;
Paul and *S. Peter* might be sure o'th' Doom,
 Knew but this Lion Dunce they'd been at *Rome*.

Now to the State he comes, talks an Alarm,
 And at th'malignant party flings his arm;
 Defies the King, and thinks his Pulpit full
 As safe a place for't, as the Knight does *Hull*;
 What though no Magazine laid in there be?
 Scarce all their Guns can make more noise than he,
 Plots, Plots he talks of, Jealousies and Fears.
 The politick Saints shake their notorious Ears;
 Till time, long time (which doth consume and waste
 All things) to an end this Sermon brought at last.

What would you have, good Souls? a Reformation?
 Oh by all means; but how? o'th' newest fashion;
 A pretty slight Religion, cheap, and free,
 I know not how, but you may furnish'd be
 At *Ipswich*, *Amsterdam*, or a Kingdom neer,
 Though to say truth, you paid for't there too dear:

No matter what it costs, we'll reform though ;
 The Prentices themselves will have it so.
 They'll root out Popery what's ever come,
It is decreed ; nor shall thy fate, O Rome,
Resist their Vow : They'll do't to a hair ; for they,
 Who if upon *Shrove-tuesday*, or *May-day*,
 Beat an old Bawd, or fright poor Whores they cou'd,
 Thought themselves greater than their Founder *Lud*;
 Have now vast thoughts, and scorn to set upon
 Any Whore less than her of *Babylon*.
 They're mounted high, contemn the humble play
 Of Cat, or Foot-ball on a Holyday
 In *Finsbury-fields* : No, 'tis their brave intent
 Wisely t' advise the King and Parliament ;
 The work in hand they'll disapprove or back,
 And cry i'th' Reformation, What d'you lack ?
 Can they whole Shop-books write, and yet not know
 If Bishops have a Right Divine or no ?
 Or can they sweep their doors, and shops so well,
 And for to cleanse a State as yet not tell ?
 No ; study and experience makes them wise,
 Why should they else watch late, and early rise ?
 Their wit so flows, that when they think to take
 But Sermon-notes, they oft new Sermons make :
 In *Cheapside-cross* they *Baal* and *Dagon* see ;
 They know 'tis gilt all o're as well as we.

Be-

Besides, since men did that gay Idol rear,
 God has not blest the Herbwives Trading there.
 Go on brave *Heroes*, and perform the rest,
 Encrease your fame each day a yard at least,
 Till your high Names are grown as gloriousfull
 As the four *London-Prentices* at the *Bull* :
 So may your Goodly Ears still prickant grow,
 And no bold Hair encrease, to mar the show ;
 So may your *Morefields*-pastimes never fail,
 And all the Towns about keep mighty Ale ;
 Ale your own Spirits to raise, and Cakes t'appease
 The hungry coynells of your Mistresses :
 So may rare Pageants grace the Lord-Mayor's show,
 And none finde out that those are Idols too.
 So may you come to sleep in Fur at last,
 And some *Smedymnian* when your days are past,
 Your Funeral-sermon of six hours rehearse,
 And *Heywood* sing your Acts in lofty Verse.
 But stay; who have we next ? mark and give room,
 The Women with a long Petition come :
 Man's understanding is not half so great,
 Th'Apple of Knowledge 'twas they first did eat.
 First then Plural'ties must be ta'ne away ;
 Men may learn thence to keep two Wives, they say.
 Next, Scholarship and Learning must go down ;
 Oh fie ! your Sex so cruel to the Gown ?

You

You do'nt the kindeness of some Scholars know;
 The *Cambridge-women* will not have it so.
 Learning's the Lamp o'th'Land, that shines so bright,
 Are you s'immodest to put out the light?
 This is a Conventicle-trick. What's next?
 Oh! with the Churches solemn Forms they're vex't!
 The signe o'th'Cross the Forehead must not bear,
 'Twas only you were born to plant signes there.
 No Font to wash Native Concupiscence in,
 You like that itch still of Original sin.
 No solemn Rites of Burial must be shown;
 Pox take you, hang your selves, you shall ha'none.
 No Organs; Idols to the Ear they be:
 No Anthemes; why? nay ask not them, nor me.
 There's new Church-musick found instead of those,
 The Womens Sighs tun'd to the Teachers Nose.
 No Surplice; no? why none, I crave?
 They're Rags of *Rome*, I think: what would you have?
 Lastly, they'd Preach too; let them, for no doubt,
 A finer Preaching-Age they'll nere finde out.
 They've got the Spirit, fiery Tongues they've, that's true;
 And by their talk those should be double too.

OH Times! oh Manners! when the Church is made
 A Prey, nay worse, a scorn to ev'ry *Cade*,
 And ev'ry *Tyler*; when the popular rage
 (The Ages greatest curse) reforms the Age. When

When Reason is for Popery suppress'd, and Reason
 And Learning counted Jesuitism at least;
 When without books Divines must studious be,
 And without meat keep Hospitality;
 When men against ancient Fathers rev'rend daies
 That many-headed Beast *Smectymnus* raise;
 That *Hydra* which would grow still, and encrease,
 But that at first it met an *Hercules*;
 When the baser sort, the Kingdoms dirt, and sink,
 To cleanse the Church, and purge the Fountains thicke,
 They who whilst living waters they might take,
 Drink Belgian ditches, and the Lemnian lake;
 When th' Liturgy, which now so long hath stood
 Seal'd by five reverend Bishops sacred Bloud,
 Is left for Non-sense, and but pottage thought;
 Pottage from Heav'n, like that to *Daniel* brought:
 Their Broaths have such weeds mixt, and are so hot,
 The Prophets Sotts cry out, Death's in the pot.
 Oh times! Oh manners! but we think I stay
 Too long with them; and so much for to day.
 Hereafter more; for since we now begin,
 You'll finde we've *Muses* too as well as *Pryn*.

FINIS.

